OUR WEEKLY MUSTER

The Editor's Familiar Chat with the Tribune's Correspondents.

"I am perfectly delighted with THE TRIBit ought to be in the hands of every one who wore the blue. If you will send me a dozen or of our Post, and I think we can make a good club here." Ira Creetch, Post Adjutant, O. P. Morton Post, No. 14, Joplin, Mo. Thanks, comrade. The copies will be sent you, and when you distribute them, ask the boys to let think of it. We are going to plant a Grand Army Post in every town where there are mough living veterans to organize one .-We always want Sunday to come so that we san read your valuable paper. I hope it may woon find its way to every soldier's home."
Mrs. N. A. Rice, Xenia, Ill. The writer of the Joregoing is the daughter of a soldier and the wife of a soldier, and, like many other daughters and wives of soldiers, can't understand why it is that Congress doesn't pass the pendhitherto united in supporting a newspaper which had the ability to champion their cause before Congress. We look to the wives and daughters of our ex-soldiers to aid in the work of building up THE TRIBUNE'S circulation, and in that way strengthen the influence of the sol-TRIBUNE, and it gave me great comfort to read it. I belong to A. W Chapman Post, No. 21, and I spoke to our commander about a club for it. He advised me to canvass, and I shall do so. I consider it my duty to do all in my power to assist in the cause." Wm. Redmond, St. Joseph, Mich. Mr. Redmond was paralyzed in the battle of Nashville, and writes with difficulty, but, as his letter shows, he is good for another campaign-for THE TRIBUNE .--"After reading Commissioner Dudley's circular to the clerks in his office, I must rise to nomiond to my motion, I will make another motion, and that is that THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE call s convention of old soldiers to meet in Chicago in 1884 to nominate a candidate for President. I do not see a word in President Arthur's messolve the conundrum? For our part, we give that her father, although his health was ruined in the war, and he was impoverished thereby, obtain it before he dies. We hope so, too. THE ent, as she says, is going to get some new subsigned "Tela," entitled "Experience and Ro-TRIBUNE. If "Tela" will send her address, we will return the manuscript .- Comrade abouts of the ex-confederate soldier that helped me to make my escape from Salisbury prison, N. C., such information would be thankfully received. He formerly belonged to Capt. Free-Gillos." Comrade Kissel also sends us a poem, entitled "Will You Leave Us Here to Die?"the prayer of a prisoner at Andersonvilleon our columns not so great. As it is, column after column of interesting matter is crowded out every week .- Comrade Henry Smith, of Lansing, Mich., himself an ex-Union prisoner, writes a long account of his experiences, and says that no language can do justice to the horrors of the Southern prison-pens. His is but one out of hundreds of similar letters that we press of truth.—Comrade D. P. Bond, of Hartford, Kan., writes us that he was confined at Tyler prison, Texas, for one year, and still recalls with horror the cruelties of that pen. On one occasion one of the guards amused himself for a whole hour by drawing a bead on him with his gun. We shall have something to say TRIBUNE. --- Comrade E. G. Coulson, Pennsville, O., writes us that such is the magic power of THE TRIBUNE'S Gatling gun that while it country and arousing the latent fires of patriotrades, let us say to the noble editor of THE Lincoln: 'We are coming, Father Abraham, three hundred thousand more." Now you're talking, comrade, but hurry up the re-enforcements!---Here is another ex-Andersonville to Senator Beck also, and we quite agree with prisoner-W. T. Willhoite, of Windsor, Ill.,with five new subscribers for THE TRIBUNE. | ble letters to our Senators and Representatives He was one of "Butler's men," captured and it might have a beneficial effect. -- Comrade sent to Andersonville in the spring of 1864, and he endorses all that "Little Red Cap" has said of the extra harsh treatment which they received .- Edmund Peale, of Laramie, Wyoming Territory, remarks in the expressive language of the far West that he doesn't see "how any soldier who has passed through Hades can refuse to take THE TRIBUNE after pretty warm time of it between '61 and '65, that's a fact .- In sending us five new subscribers, D. H. Davies, of Wild Rose, Wisconsin, mentions that he was a prisoner at Libby, and that no tongue can tell what the inmates suffered. Superintendent Martin, of the Nashshould alone recommend it to every exsoldier in the country, and by way of proving that proposition incloses his own subscription. -G. S. Moore, one of our subscribers at New Lisbon, O., calls our attention to a recent such papers as the New York Tribune go back along the line, comrades! -- Hear what a subscriber not a soldier has to say on the same subject: "Have been taking your paper but a mort time; yet am very greatly pleased with it; am not a soldier myself, but think it an important duty for each and every soldier to take a paper devoted to his interests. What I have seen of your paper makes me wonder that caring for their own interests now?" O. A. Miller, Buffalo Mills Station, Pa.—Comrade Babb, of Walden, Mass., renews his subscription. "may never be found in the rear (or we in arrears) until our final mustering out." No: you can count on that, comrade. - J. B. Lancaster, of Fife Lake, Mich., writes us: "I take fifteen other papers and magazines, but THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE is the only one I read all that I could not read with interest."-- The wife of a sick soldier at Port Elizabeth, N. J., sends us a dollar, "earned at the wash tub," in voort. They contain the information you deorder that her husband may have THE TRIBUNE | sire.

to read, -- Miss Susie M. Carr, the fourteen-

year-old daughter of a soldier who left an arm

at Appomattox, sends us a club of six subscribers

from Longmont, Col., and in a very pretty note

tells us that she is learning more history from

THE TRIBUNE than from her school books.-

E. L. Rose sends a club of seven new subscribers from Holton, Kan., and says he shall continue to say that THE TRIBUNE is the best soldier's paper published .- "I received two sample copies from you last week and gave them to two old soldiers. You ought to see them go down in their pockets for their small change. This from comrade Lancrey, of Fieldon, Ill. Laconic, but expressive, isn't it? Such letters as the following encourage us to believe that after all The Tribune is pretty thoroughly appreciated: "I will just say that I am willing, as one of your subscribers, to do all I can to increase the circulation of THE TRIBUNE. I have read a great many papers in the past; it suits me better than any of them. It is the soldier's UNE. It is just what the soldier needs, and friend, indeed." In proof of which the writer, C. W. Fleming, of Northern Illinois, sends us five new subscribers in addition to ten sent the two copies, I will distribute them to the boys | week previous .- Comrade E. S. Puff, of Bullville, N. Y., tells us that we need not ask him to renew his subscription, as he will be a supporter of THE TRIBUNE as long as it keeps up its fire on the men who think that a soldier has no rights, and he backs up that asserthe editor of THE TRIBUNE know what they | tion by sending us three new subscribers .-Comrade C. M. Hall, of Union City, Michigan, tells us in a recent letter how he went to work to organize a G. A. R. Post at that place. He wrote to Comrade B. R. Pierce, of Grand Rapids. for a blank application, and on receiving it made a personal canvass among his fellow exsoldiers until he had procured forty-five signatures, when he notified Department Commander Pierce, and the Post was duly mustered, and is now very prosperous. That is the right way to go about it, and we think Comrade Hall's ing pension and bounty bills. Well, one of the example will be widely followed. - Jeremiah reasons is, that our ex-soldiers have never Fisher, of West Boylston, Mass., who entered the army in 1861, and who had three brothers in the service, writes us: "If I ever longed for any paper to read, it is THE NATIONAL TRIB-UNE, and when it comes it is a rich treat for all my family as well as myself. I cannot see how any Union soldier can do without it, dier in Congress .- "I received a copy of THE | whether he served four months or four years." This is the same old conundrum, and we again shall have to give it up .- Thos. J. Sergeant, of Salem, Mass., fears that he is not a good canvasser, but declares his intention to do the best he can for the TRIBUNE, and we infer from the tone of his letter that his "best" will amount to a great deal. He adds: "THE TRIB-UNE's manly straightforwardness should commend it to the approbation of all who read it. It is truly the soldier's friend, and would be a valuable acquisition to any family. The earnestness with which you advocate the soldier's nate him to the presidency. If I can get a sec- interest gives ample evidence of your sincerity, and shows that you have put your hand to the plow and do not believe in turning back."-Comrade P. T. Payne, of Kent, Conn., sends the following stirring appeal to our ex-soldiers: "A great journal with a great circulasage about the poor, down-trodden soldier." E. | tion will have more influence in Congress than Handy, Topeka, Kan. Our correspondent anything else can have, and a great circulation means well, but has it ever occurred to him | for so sound a journal as THE NATIONAL TRIBthat after all it is to Congress that the soldier UNE can easily be obtained. Comrades, we must look for relief? Nominate the right sort | who are subscribers must set the wheel in moof men for Congress, and then make sure to tion. I propose that each one of us get one or elect them. That is the way to make the in- more new subscribers before the 1st of January. fluence of the soldier tell. "Please accept | We can do it if we try, and by so doing double the heartfelt thanks of a constant reader of your its influence in Congress in less than one valuable paper for the manly fight which it is month. Let us rally to a man and charge for making in behalf of the battle-scarred veterans subscribers to the soldier's strongest advocate. of the late war. How any of our surviving sol- You may rest assured I shall not be hindmost of the Republic of the State, it occurred to me diers and sailors can manage to get along with- | in said charge, but will do all I can for its sucout its weekly visit is a mystery." Charles | cess."-A. J. R., of Hatboro, Pa., who par-Pherius, Camden, N. J. Can any of our readers | ticipated in the battle of Bull Run when only it up!--Mary E. Coates, Utopia, N. Y., writes an article in the Philadelphia Times headed monial to me should be invested in a library "Give the Public the Pension List," and says steadily refused, until a year ago, to apply for | hunting down the pensioned soldier except a pension. She expresses the hope that he will | hunting him down with bloodhounds and the rifle. We quite agree with our correspondent TRIBUNE is doing all in its power to bring | that it is high time our ex-soldiers drew the about a speedy settlement of all pension claims, line between friend and foe .- Comrade J. L. and we are glad to know that our correspond- Chase, of Whitesville, N. Y., sends us a club of of a much larger library to be secured in the thirteen new subscribers and asks us to send scribers for it. That is the way to strengthen him the book entitled "Capturing a Locomoits influence. - We have received a sketch, | tive," which he has agreed to let every member of the club read-a capital idea. After mance of an Andersonville Prisoner," for which | mentioning the fact that all who take THE we are unable at present to find room in The NATIONAL TRIBUNE like it very much, he says: "I believe your paper is destined to have the largest circulation of any paper in August Kissel, of Theresa, N. Y., sends us four- the United States, and if such journals as the teen new subscribers, making thirty-four in all | Rochester Democrat and Chronicle and New that he has obtained for THE TRIBUNE. He | York Herald, Sun and Tribune want their circusays: "If any of the readers of THE TRIBUNE lation to grow beautifully less, let them concould give me any information as to the where- tinue to heap abuse on the pensioner. I have proud a designation." friends who were not soldiers that take those journals, and I can influence them to let them alone and take THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE, while other ex-soldiers can do the same, and we can man's battalion, Alabama. His name is Albert fight it out on this line if it takes what is left of our wrecked constitutions."-D. Reeder, of Mannsville, Pa., who is not a subscriber to The Tribune but expects to bewhich we would gladly print were the pressure | come one, writes us a strong letter advocating the passage of the \$40 pension bill. He very truthfully remarks: "Soldiers at the end of the war could not enter into any business, for they had not the money, and consequently they have lived a miserable life ever since the close of the war-a hand-to-hand fight with poverty and suffering. Corporations and individuals would not employ them, for the reason that they could are constantly receiving, all bearing the im- get able-bodied men who could render more service."- Comrade J. S. Randall, of Benton Harbor, Mich., is of the opinion that "if those who think that this 'old soldier business' is played out were obliged to live as we did [at Andersonville] for a few days, they would change their minds." Quite likely. Our correspondent could enlighten them as to the sort about Tyler prison in future numbers of THE of fare which they would be compelled to subsist on, for he had a taste of Wirz's cruelty himself. Indeed, he ventures to question the accuracy of one of "Little Red Cap's" statebrings joy to the heart of every true soldier, it | ments, in which, however, as he will see when strikes terror into the ranks of his enemies. the latter's narrative is a little farther ad-"If we can succeed," he says, "in properly or- vanced, he is himself mistaken.—Comrade ganizing the loyal soldier element of the Isaac Smith, of Palmer, Mo., does not "pretend to canvass;" when he has a "trump" he ism, we shall soon break down all opposition to leads it, as an earnest of which he sends us two the just claims of the soldier. * * Com- new subscribers. He quotes the parable of the sower, but points out that in the case of THE TRIBUNE as we did to our martyr President | TRIBUNE the seed all falls on good ground and will increase a hundred fold. Comrade S. Fuller, of Sandwich, Ill., says he has written not only to his Representative in Congress, but

thenes, I would address you in words of living fire as an expression of my heartfelt thanks." -President W. W. Lowdermilk, of the Illinois State Association of Union Prisoners of looking it over." Our ex-soldiers did have a War, sends us this hearty endorsement of THE TRIBUNE: "I am a subscriber to your excellent paper, and consider it one of the best papers published in the interest of the common soldier and pensioner. It gives me pleasure to Pennsylvania Reserve Fife and Drum Corps. commend this excellent paper to my comrades. I wish you success."-W. J. Wheeler, of ville National Cemetery, who but recently Olney, Ill., states that a case similar to that of saw for the first time a copy of THE the soldier who was left to die in the Provi-TRIBUNE, gives it as his opinion that dence poor-house, in Luzerne county, Pa., its earnest advocacy of ex-soldiers' claims occurred at the Rockland county, Ill., almshouse, and he asks: "Will the Government ever learn that the soldier is fast passing away, and now is the time they need help?" That depends upon whether our veterans are wise enough to unite in support of a newspaper editorial in the New York Tribune denouncing which can compel Congress to listen to their the arears of pension act, and says: "When demands.—Comrade Spalding, of Laramie City, Wyoming, writes: "We old soldiers in on our old soldiers it is high time for them to the Rockies are going to give you eastern boys write for their own protection. They should a good reception [at the Denver Encampment] support The National Tribune, the only next August. May we expect The Tribune fast friend, it seems, that we have." Pass it to be represented there?" Yes, THE TRIBUNE will be represented there, notwithstanding that Denver is a long distance from our base of supplies. We are indebted to M. D. Wells, of Junction, N. J., for a thoughtful letter on the inconsistencies of the pension system, and regret that we cannot make room for its publication. -This is the way one resolute subscriber went to work : "I started out Monday to 'drum un' soldiers in regard to the internal-revenue Wonder if they were so backward in fighting | &c., and to a man they were of your mind in tax, pension, bounty matters, soldiers' rights. for their country's preservation as they are in | those matters. As a result of my effort, I secured twenty names to my letter to Hon. John Hill, M. C. from this district a d took a country drive to do it. I also got coment from enough and expresses the hope that The Tribune | ex-soldiers to get a G. A. R. Post established, but could not explain details to them as to what it would cost each man per year, or what the membership fee would be. Will you write out particulars, and forward to me at Boonton, N. I., as I have given my TRIBUNES away and have no guide to go by."-Abraham Leach, through. I have never found one article in it | Montville, N. J. Read the editorial in this number entitled "Hail to the Chief" and the interview with Commander-in-Chief VanDer-

him that if ex-soldiers would write good, sensi-

R. R. Norton, of Georgetown, N. Y., writes at

length of the contrast between the condition of

the country to-day and twenty years ago, and

says: "If I had but the eloquence of Demos-

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A WAR LIBRARY

Presented to the Soldiers' Home at Bath, N. Y .-The Donor's Speech.

Special Correspondence National Tribune. BATH, N. Y., Dec. 18 .- In 1880 the Grand Army of the Republic, at their semi-annual Encampment, appointed a committee to prepare and present to the Hon. John H. Starin a testimonial in recognition of many kindnesses he has extended to veteran soldiers and sailors. At Mr. Starin's request, however, the money appropriated for the purpose (\$800) was devoted to the purchase of 400 volumes of books relating to the rebellion and a suitable case for containing them. The presentation ceremonies took place in the chapel in the presence of fifty guests and inmates of the Home, and were presided over by Gen. Slocum, president of the Board of Trustees, who referred in a most complimentary manner to Mr. Starin's action in diverting the testimonial from himself to the uses of the old soldiers, and said that the library would add greatly to the attractions of the Home, and be a great comfort to the veterans in their declining years. The inmates approved these remarks with loud applause.

Gen. Henry A. Barnum, of New York, chairman of the Grand Army of the Republic Testimonial Committee, gave the history of the library project, and spoke in most enthusiastic terms of Mr. Starin's many acts of kindness to soldiers and the families of dead soldiers, and said he was most justly called the soldier's friend. His remarks were loudly applauded. Mr. Starin then presented the library to the home in the following speech:

"It is not my purpose, as it is certainly not my forte, to make a speech. I desire only in briefest form to state the reasons which suggested to me the idea of this library. It had come to my knowledge that the Grand Army of the Republic of our State was about to offer me a testimonial of their appreciation. The intimation of such an intention on the part of so large, so influential, and so respectable a body could not be other than gratifying to me. Actuated by a genuine regard for the veterans, I had in a quiet way given some excursions to those who were within reach of the Metropolis and to the representatives from the State at large. In Congress I had taken pleasure in looking after the pensions of deserving applicants, especially those whose age or necessities entitled them to a speedy adjustment of their claims. In all my acts I have endeavored to give expression to what is still my firm, though, I fear, my not quite fashionable, belief, that the men who fought to maintain the Government are worthy of more honor than those who sought to destroy it. And that, other things being equal, those who can show the scars of battle deserve a preference over those who have never suffered for their country. Some years ago a handsome testimonial was presented to me by the soldiers and sailors who had participated in the veterans' excursions. I then remarked that I should have preferred to see the money that it had cost invested for the poor widow or orphan children of a soldier. I accepted it, however, for the kindly feeling it expressed, and to-day it is an ornament of my | He's crazy, without a shadder o' doubt! home of which I am justly proud. When this A-writin' to me as if I was a saint! second offer came from the entire Grand Army | Wa'al, mabby I be, and then mabby I ain't. that I might accept the honor, and still donate the gift so that the soldiers should themselves get the benefit of every dollar of it. My sugseventeen years of age, calls our attention to gestion that the amount intended for a testidevoted to the literature of the war, to be placed the editor has named almost every way of | in this home of the brave of New York, met with the approval of your committee. Subsequent appropriations have swelled the original gift until to-day it is my good fortune to present to you a case of books that does credit to the donors, and yet is, I trust, only the nucleus future. It will recall the scenes in which you have nobly played your part. It embalms the memories of the heroes whom you cherish. The transfer of it to you gives me more pleasure than I can tell. More pleasure than to be the recipient of any similar gift intended solely for myself. One word more and I have done. I thank the representatives of the Grand Army of the Republic for their many expressions of regard for me. They have honored me with the title of the 'Soldier's Friend.' I trust I may always do all in my power to deserve so | The terrible talon had it fast, Admirable speeches were then made by Col. Willard Bullard, of New York; Gen. W. F. Rogers, of Buffalo; Gen. J. B. Murray, of Seneca Falls; the Rev. S. Nichols, of Bath, and | 'Twas so! 'twas strange! 'twas very absurb, the Rev. I. M. Foster, of Waterloo, which were received with enthusiasm. At the conclusion of the ceremonies Gen. Slocum, on the part of the Board of Trustees, invited the assembled guests to a collation, which was spread in the library room. On motion of Gen J. B. Murray | The heedless old parson had come to give

REGIMENTAL REUNIONS.

cordial approval of the Board of Trustees of

the Soldiers' and Sailors' Home, and thanks for

the generous reception of their representatives.

Mr. Starin and other guests then made a tour

of the home buildings with Gen. Slocum, and

they expressed themselves greatly pleased.

Pennsylvania Veterans Renewing the Friendships of the Field.

A complimentary hop was given by the Third regiment at its armory.

The One Hundred and Fourteenth regiment, Pennsylvania volunteers, held a Reunion at

The Reunion of the One Hundred and Nine-

teenth regiment, which was held at Lauber's, Broad street and Columbia avenue, was the first held by the regiment since the war. The Survivors' Association of the Seventysecond Regiment (the Philadelphia Fire Zou-

aves) held a banquet at Mosebach's, Thirteenth and Girard avenue. The members assembled at the hall of the Anna M. Ross Post, and went to the banqueting place in a body. The Reunion of the survivors of the Nine-

teenth and Ninetieth regiments, Pennsylvania volunteers, was their first, and was held at Gallop's restaurant, Fifth and Walnut streets. President Jacob M. Davis was in the chair. He reminded the members that twenty years ago, on the 13th of December, the command was engaged in the carnage at Fredericksburg.

A number of regimental Reunions were held in Philadelphia on the 13th inst. The surviying members of the One Hundred and Twentyfirst and the One Hundred and Twenty-fourth regiments held a joint Reunion, celebrating the anniversary of the battle of Fredericksburg. Ex-Governor Curtin, General Samuel W. Crawford, and others, were present. There was music by the Frankford Cornet Band and the

The One Hundred and Sixth regiment, Pennsylvania volunteers, held its Reunion at the

rooms of Post 1, G. A. R. On the same day, at Easton, Pa., the surviving members of the Fifty-third regiment. Pennsylvania volunteers, held a Reunion. At 10:30 o'clock the resident members marched to the depot and met their comrades from Norristown, Lewisburg, and other places. They were escorted to North Third street, where a parade was formed of members of the regiment, the Lafayette Post, Grand Army of the Republic, of Easton, and J. G. Tolmie Post, of Phillipsburg. On account of rain the parade was shortened. At twelve o'clock a collation, gotten up by the lady friends of the regiment, was served in Able's Hall, at which over three hundred sat down. Ex-Governor Hartranft was called to the chair, and responded in a neat speech to an address of welcome delivered by General Frank Reeder. In the afternoon the society connected with the regiment held a meeting, at which thirty new members were elected. General W. J. Bolton, though insisting on declining, was re-elected president amid considerable enthusiasm. Lieutenant John Genther, of Easton, was elected vice-president; Colonel Edward Schall, of Norristown, secretary, and Captain W. W. Owen, of Norristown, treasurer. It was resolved to hold the next Reunion at Norristown on September 1, 1883. In the evening the veterans and their friends a sembled in the Opera House, Gen. Eolton presiding. Prayer was offered by Rev. E. McMinn. R. E. James delivered an address of welcome, to which Adjutant Schoch, of Lewisburg, responded. Lieutenant Charles F. Chidsey, of Easton, of the One Hundred and Twenty-ninth regiment, delivered an oration on Fredericksburg, and H. C. Gordon, of Norristown, read a poem. The speaking was interspersed with orchestral

Room for all: "Perhaps I haven't been so lucky as some," remarked Brown, "but, for all that, there's lots of people who would like to stand in my shoes." "And no doubt, they could all do it," said Fogg, with a glance at Brown's thirteens .- Boston Transcript.

The Widow Brown's Christmas and a Little Misunderstanding.

[By J. T. Trowbridge.]

His window is over the factory flume; And Elkanah there, in his counting-room, Sits bugging a littered table. His beard is white as the foam, and his check Is weather-beaten and withered and bleak As the old brown factory gable.

Christmas is near; and he, it is clear, Is squaring accounts with the parting year Setting forth, in column and row, Whatever a penny of gain can show-Mortgages, dividends, and rents, City bonds and gover ments, A factory here and a tannery there, Good bank stock and railroad share-As fast as his busy brain can count, Or his busy pen indite 'em, Figuring profit and gross amount, And adding item to item.

Thinks he: "It's a good round sum I make; Don't seem much like I was goin' to break! And he looked again, at he poised his pen To fillip the drop of ink off. But just as he gave the pen a shake, He said "Ho! no!" at a strange mistake
He found himself on the brink of:
He said "Ha! Ha!" and his lips drew in With a hard, dry, leathery kind of grin,

As anything you can think of. I declare! there's Widow Brown In the cottage over in Tannery Town! The family had the house rent free As long as her husband worked for me. A good, smart, faithful chap was Jim— Wish I had forty as good as him! But he died one day, and left her there; And I put the place in the parson's care-

As much like the smile of a crocodil

For the only man in the town I dare To trust is Parson Emery-To see that the house don't run away, And collect the rent she agreed to pay. I'll write a letter this very day, To jog the good man's memory."

The letter was straightway penned and sent; And it preached hard times to a dreary extent: For money is tight at ten per cent.; Often no sooner got than spent; The poor man finds it a heavy stent To earn his mess of pottage; And so," concluded the argument, You may, if you please, remit the rent Jim's widder owes for the cottage.'

In two days' time the answer came. The parson is prompt. But-what in the name!" He cried, as he opened and read the same: How extremely odd it sounded! "Dear, noble, generous, honored friend-" Were terms he couldn't well comprehend; And when he had struggled on to the end, He was utterly astounded.

He gasped and gurgled, and then burst out: "What 'n thunder's the of fool ravin' about? That I'm a marciful man to the poor, An' feet for the sufferin' brother. An' stay the widder whose staff is gone; And so he continuers a layin' it on, An' he ain't sarcastical, nuther,

T the poor I was merciful tu meant me? But here he goes on, in a gushin' mood, To tell o' the woman's gratitude, Because I've been so exceedingly good As to pity her sad condition An' give him the blessed authority tu Remit-REMIT-the rent that is due Why don't he remit, then? wish I knew! 'Stid o' that, here's more of his hullabalew, To thank me for the remission!

Blamed ol' blunderhead! couldn't he see

Remission-remit. Oh, drat the dunce!" And he rushed for a dictionary; It having occurred to him all at once That the meanings sometimes vary Of even the simplest words we write; And that a prosy old parson might Use one, and a man of business quite Another, vocabulary.

Finger and eye ran down the page: RA, RE"-he was flushed with rage: REMEMBER-REMIND-REMIT!"-at last With the definition against it set: Send back," he read; but, lower yet, "To release, to forgive, as a sin or a debt!"

Ah, through that mesh in the treacherous net Had slipt the widow's pittance! That thus from a phrase, or a single word, With equal reason could be inferred Collection of debt, or quittance! Words have their forks, like highways, whence To left and right run the roads of sense; And, taking the wrong derivative, Remission instead of remittance. the assembled members expressed their most

Elkanah glared for a moment, and then, With a snort at the book, and a scoff at the men Who invented the language, seized his pen, Tore one letter, and wrote again, Protruding his chin, while the hard dry grin

Grew terriblly savage and sinister; Till, too impatient to brook delay, He quite forgot it was Christmas-day, Swung on his ulster, and swooped away Toward Tannary Town and the Widow Brown And the good old blundering minister,

As out by the forenoon train he went, He had ample time to consider: "To be soft-soaped to sich an extent— Cracked up like a spavined hoss that's meant To be sold to the highest bidder-It's pooty dusabed rough on a plain old gent That never was known to give a cent, Say nuthin' o' seventy dollars rent, To anybody's widder! An' I ain't one o' the kind that cares To be boosted up in a woman's payers

For a favor I never did her. 'Yet she might pray for me all her days, An' I wouldn't object to the parson's praise, Which he spread so thick in his letter; But though he believes it himse's, and though Other folks may think it's all jes' so, The piague is, I know better! He'll wonder what sort of a beast 1 be, When I tell him square out how it seemed to me, What a blamed, ridickelous, fool's idee

That I should forgive a debtor! Quick moist flushes, strange hot streaks, Shot down to his shins and up to his eneeks, He loosened his coilar, and wondered what In time made 'em keep the ears so hot. Still, as he thought of the interview He was going to seek, the warmer he grew And he said to himself, with a leer, "Must be I'm fond of parsons' s'ciety! For what else under the canopy I'm makin' the trip for I can't see, Sence a letter or tu would as soon undu The snarl he's got me inter.

Save railroad fare, an' the wear an' tear Of a journey in midwinter. "It's an awk'ard mess, I du declare! The widder she'll cry, an' the parson he'll stare, An' like enough somebody else will swear— Wish I was back in my office chair! For why should I go twelve mile or so

An' lose my time an' my dinner, To prove to their faces, beyond a doubt, 'T I ain't no saint, as they make out, But a hardened sort of a sinner?" Some such thoughts perplexed his brain,

As up to the station rolled the train, With slackening speed and brakes screwed down, And the brakesmen bawled out, "Tannery 'Wa'al, here I be!" With gathering frown And firm-set teeth, old Elkanah straight

Took his way to the parson's gate; No longer inclined to turn about. In a flurry of confusion, And like a coward retrace his route, But grimly resolved to carry out His original resolution. Though, after all, he approached the spot. Outwardly cold and inwardly hot, As a brave man goes to be hanged or shot, Or whatever else he thinks is not The thing for his constitution, And when this answer he received, Parson ain't to hum "-will it be believed?-He felt like the very same man reprieved

Wa'al, no, he wouldn't go in and wait: He stood in the snow at the parsonage gate: No train back till half past one. And the village bells had just begun To ring for noon; for a minute or two He stood, uncertain what to do, Looking doubtfully up and down The dreary streets of Tannery Town, And thought of his money and Mrs. Brown: Then this is what he did do-He turned his feet up the snowy street,

At the moment of execution.

Twas Christmas-time, as I said before; And when, arrived at the cottage door, lie reached for the old beil handle. He paused a moment, amazed and grim. For he heard such a racket as seemed to him, In the home of the late lamented Jim, Sufficient cause for scandal,

And went to call on the widow,

A short, sharp ring, then a hurried noise Of whispering, scampering girls and boys, And the door was opened a little space. Through which peered out, with a bashful grace, A surprisingly pretty-looking, Timidly smiling, bright young blende; And Elsamah caught, from the room beyond, A savory suiff, a wonderful whiff,

He sees a table, with neat cloth spread, Steaming dishes, and cream white bread, Cranberry sauce, and thick squash pies,

Of most delicious cooking.

And the curly brown pates and wondering eyes Of the imps that had made the clatter; Then the mother just bringing in, to crown Her banquet, a beautiful, golden-brown, Great roasted goose on a platter,

A crabbed old man, to whom the sight Of happp children gave small delight; A hungry man, who had come so far To a feast his presence could only mar; An iron-fisted miser,
Who would seldom afford himself a fat,
Delectable Christmas goose like that,
Or indulge in anything half so good—
Confronting the widow, there he stood, Glowering under his visor; And it certainly seemed that his presence would-To say the least-surprise her.

For he said to himself, "Her means are spent, An' she hasn't a penny to pay her rent, While this is the way she gorges Her rayenous tribe on the fat of the land! I'll let her know that I understand Whose money pays for the orgies!"

But, seeing the old man standing there, The widow, seemingly unaware

(Lambar is brow's severe contraction,
Perceing only his thin white hair,
And his almost venerable air,
Wiped her fingers, and placed a chair, With a charmingly natural action; Welcoming him with never a trace Of guile in her smiling and grateful face; Accounting this visit the crowning grace Of his noble benefaction.

'Oh, sir," she began, "I am glad you are here"-With a quivering lip and a starting tear-"To see what happiness" (this was gall
To the stingy old wretch) "you have given us all
Since you were so good"— "Not I," he cried;
"I never was good!" But she replied, With gentle, sweet insistence: 'It seems but a triffe to you, no doubt; Such kindness as yours"- Here he burst out, 'I tell ye, woman, ye're talking about A thing that has no existence."

Ah, you may say that, since you have shown A goodness which you are too good to own! But I could never, with what I know, Permit another to wrong you so.' Then up spoke one of the younger crew : You may bet your dollars on that! it's true; For only yesterday, I tell you, Wasn't she in high dudgeon,

Just hearing you called by Deacon Shaw The keenest old skinflint ever he saw! He said he would sooner have hoped to draw Sap from a hatchet or blood from a straw Than money that wasn't allowed by law From such an old curmudgeon,

'Well, what have I said?" "Hush, Jamie, hush!" Cries the mother, in consternation While Elkanah starts, with an angry flush And a vigorous exclamation "Did he say that?—say that of me? He's tighter himself than the bark of a tree." "He has more heart than he lets folks see: A little like you in that," saye she.
"Ho! ho! wa'al, wa'al! that's a queer idee! That's a curi's ca'ealation!

But he, when at last he understood What a friend you had been, how exceedingly good To my poor orphans," she went on, "And me -for the sake of him that is gone-He was humbled; he took it quite to heart; Declared you had acted a noble part. And expressed sincere repentance For having misjudged you so till now. But your example "- "Example! I vow, Mis' Brown," snarls Elkanah; but somehow

He couldn't complete the sentence. Your Christian example!" the widow cries, Who wants proof of it, there it lies"-With a glance of pride at the great squash pies And the goose superbly basted. 'The deacon was here at half-past one; And at half-past two the proof had begun: The goose was brought by the deacon's son, And then it seemed as if every one Must do as the deacon and you had done."

"Yes, sir." says Jamie; and wasn't it fun! It was ring, ring, ring! it was run, run, run! Squashes that weighed pretty nigh a ton! Such apples you never tasted! "It came to us in our sorest need," The widow resumed; "and all are agreed Twas a harvest of which you sowed the seed. You see your charity was, indeed, An example that wasn't wasted."

"My charity!" Elkanah groaned. "Well, well!" "'Twas more of a blessing than I can tell' She choked a little and wiped a tear-For we have been dreadfully poor this year. Tis a hard, hard struggle to provide For my five little ones since he died. Faithfully, every day I meant To save a little to pay my rent; I stinted and planued, but still I found As often as Saturday night came round I had spared, when they were patched and fed, Hardly enough for Sunday's bread. Such constant weariness, want, and care Seemed often more than a life could bear. Then came, oh, sir, your gracious glit, Which all of a sudden seemed to lift The burden which weighed me to the ground; And all these other good friends came round; And so, in our joy and thankfulness, It seemed to me I could do no less Than make a feast," she said with a smile.
"Be patient! be quiet!" For all the while The hungry children clamored, And climbed the chairs and peeped at the pies, And ogicd the goose with wistful eyes.
"'Tis a favor," said she, "I should greatly prize,
If you would sit by and not despise The bounty which Heaven through you supplies." 'Hem! wa'al! ye take me by surprise.

Don't know," the old man stammered. She smilingly reached for his coat and hat, And the goose was fragrant, the goose was fat. "I think you will stay." "Wa'al, as to that, I don't dine out very often: I called to explain-but never mind, Fact is, Mis' Brown, I haven't dined; And if you insist—sence you air so kind—" He was rather surprised himself to find

His heart beginning to soften. Don't care 'f I du." And down he sat The goose was fragrant, the goose was fat. The old man did the carving; The sauce was dished, the gravy poured And the plates all round that little board Were filled in a manner that didn't afford The slightest hint of starving.

Not in all that dreary year Had her cottage known such cheer. With hope, and her happy children near, The widow smiled contented. Even old Elkanah ceased to be Greatly scandalized to see

Cheerful faces and childish glee In the home of the late lamented, Nature's ways are wise and kind :

Clouds pass, dawn breaks, and ever behind Each dark sea hollow swells a wave; And fresh grass grows on the new-made grave; And softly over the broken heart, And its sorrowful recollections, The leaves of another hope will start, And tender new affections.

The widow talked and told her plans: What a dutiful child was Nance! The parson had got her boys a chance To blow the organ the coming year: So there will be twenty dollars clear The girls will help me more and more I'll sew; and often, as heretofore, Earn Lread for the morrow while they sleep; And so I have hopes that I yet may keep My little flock together-With Heaven so kind and friends so good-Send them to school and provide them food And shelter them from the weather.

'But oh, what a charge for them and me! How different now it all would be, if my dear husband-" Mrs. Brown Here, for some reason, quite broke down; And even old Elkanah's sight grew weak; You might have observed in his withered cheek Some unaccustomed twitches And in his voice, when he tried to speak, Some very unusual hitches; For, seeing how long she yet must strain Her utmost energies, just to gain Bread for her babes—perhaps in vain— He had some twinges of shame and pain, And a curious feeling I can't explain At the thought of his hoarded riches,

'Hem! wa'al, Mis' Brown! it's a pooty tough He made a motion as if to place His hand in his pocket, but drew it back. "Though I must say, you've got a knack! You're gittin' along, an' I'm dreffle glad! No more, no, thank'ee, ma'am! I hain't had Sich a dinner as this, I don' know when!" Down went the uncertain hand again. "Your children are well, an' growin' Few years, your boys 'll be rich men—
Mabby they will, no knowin'."
He merely pushed back his empty plate,
Then tugged at his watch. "Ha! is it so late? I'd no i'dee on't! train won't wait; Guess I'll haf ter be goin'!'

'Must you, indeed! How the time has flown!" The lonely old man had never known So grateful a soul, a look and tone So gentle and so caressing: And while she handed his hat and coat, Arranged the collar about his throat, Smoothed the creases, and brushed his arm. He felt a strange, bewildering charm, The very touch of her hand shed such Unconscious love and blessing

"I thought there was something he came to say, To explain!" cries Jamie. "Ah, yes! by-the-

Says Elkanah, slightly flurried;
"A leetle mistake—but that's all right!
The parson, he didn't take in, not quite,
My full intent regardin' the rent: Don't be the least mite worried Bout that for sartin another year .-Bless me! I b'lieve it's the train I hear! Good-day!" And off he hurried.

He seemed surrounded and pursued By spirits of joy and gratitude! And he said to himself, "I must conclude, Although the ol' parson wan't very shrewd,
"Twas a lucky mistake o' his'n!" And he felt some most surprising things, Strange perturbations and flutterings, As of something within him spreading wings-The angel within new-risen!

"I'm beat if there ain't the parson now!" With eager stride and radiant brow The minister crossed a steep by-street Through ridges of snow leg-deep, to greet
The friend of the widow and fatherless,
Who growled to himself, "Good thing, I guess
For some of the fatherless folks we know, Me and him didn't meet an hour ago-Good thing all round, shouldn't wonder!" The parson came panting up the hill, Hands out, with a greeting of warm good-will; All smiles; serenely unconscious till Of his most amazing blunder.

A soul as simple as rills that run Joyous and clear in the summer sun! Not one who had chosen his work, but one The Lord Himself had chosen: A child of faith, and a shepherd indeed! Not one of those whose formal creed Has the tinkling sound and the hollow look Of ice left over a shrunken brook-Shrunken away from the living day, Leaving its surface frozen.

Under the leafless village elms The parson waylays and overwhelms With more felicitation Of the late epistolary sort The impatient old man, who cuts him short With a quaint gesticulation.

"No more o' that, please understand: I've seen Jim's widder." This time the hand Dives into the pocket, and brings out A bright bank-note: "Guess the ain't no doubt But what we'd oughter give her a lift; An' here's a trifle, a Christmas gift, I was pooty nigh forgittin'. Remit her rent the comin' year; And I'd like to remit to her now this 'ere. By-the-way!" drawls he, with a sidelong leer, 'Did j'ever notice-it's kind o' queer-

Christmas Then and Now. [By Mrs. M. P. Handy.] We used to hang up our stockings, When I was a child, dear me Nor ever thought for a moment Of having an X-mas tree. You see we were old-fashioned children. Not wise little women and men; St. Nicholas came down the chimney-

There's tew way's o' remittin' t''?

— Harper's for January.

We had wide-open fire-places then. We went to bed in the twilight. To awaken ere yet it was dawn, And empty with trembling fingers The stockings on X-mas morn. But now the tree with its tapers Is lit on the Eve instead, And hugging their X-mas presents The little ones go to bed.

But then, pray where is the stocking Could hold half the wonderful things-The triumphs of human invention The modern Saint Nicholas brings? Now : eam takes the place of his reindeer, Those fleet, fairy coursers of yore; And since we have closed up the chimneys He needs must come in at the door. -Christmas Casket

Some Day. By Isabella Grant Meredith.] Some day I shall be dead, Some day this tired head. With all the anxious thoughts it now doth know, Shall be laid low.

This body, pain-racked, ill, Shall lie at length, and still, Under the clover and the wind-swept grass, Nor hear you pass.

That were, indeed, strange sleep, When even you might weep.

And come and go-even you-unheard of me, As bird or bee.

Ney, sweetheart, nay! believe Here is no cause to grieve. One so way worn, of trouble so opprest, Is glad of rest. Perchance, when that release

Hath wrought its spell of peace O'er this unquiet heart, long vexed with woe, Heart's-case may grow. Who loves me will not weep

When that I lie asleep, But rather joy to think such sorrow may Have end some day -Harper's Magazine for December.

Wings. [By the author of " John Halifax, Gentleman."] Mother Dannke me a pair of wings, Like the Christ-child's adorning Blue as the sky, with a gold star-eye-I'll wear them on Christmas morning." The mother worked with a careless heart, All through that merry morning; Happy and blind, nor saw behind The shadow that gives no warning. Hestruck-and over the little face A sudden change came creeping:

Twelve struggling hours against Death's fierce powers.
And then-he has left her sleeping. Strange sleep which no mother's also can wake! Lay her preity wings beside her: Strew white flowers sweet on her hands and feet, And under the white snow hisie her. For the Christ-child enited her out of her play, And, thus our earth-life scorning,

She went away .- Want, dead, we say? She was born that Christmas morni -December Wide Awake.

A NEW CANTATRICE.

An American Girl's Operatic Debut at Florence,

Italy. The newspapers of Florence, Italy, contain glowing accounts of the debut of a new Am rican cantatrice in Donezetti's beautiful opera. Linda di Chamounix, at the Royal Niccolini Theatre in that city. The debutante was Ida Morena-or Ida Myers, as she is known in Baltimore, where her childhood was passed and where her family reside-and the role which she essayed was the title role of the opera. The Florence Teleferis, in its criticism on her first appearance, compares her to the famout divas of the Italian stage, and says: "One only has to hear her in the second part of her cavatina, in the final air of the second act, in the duo with the buffo, and in that with the contralte, to see that the beauty of her voice, her admirable accent, her extraordinary agility and her unique attack, presage in her the future of a great artist." Another critic says: "Her lithe and girlish figure, the fresh beauty, sweetness and power of her voice, trained in every finesse of song, called forth the most rapturous applause, frequently interrupted with shouts of brava! brava! She was enthusiastically encored after the beautiful duo with Pilrot. In the mad scene, at the end of the second act, the exquisite modulation and sweetness of her voice in no! non e ver mentirono, brought tears to the eyes of many. Here the enthusiasm of her hearers culminated in a perfect ovation, and at one of the succeeding represeutations the young artiste was literally covered with flowers in her numerous recalls before the footlights." Another paper-Fieramoscu-says of her: "Signorina Morena is a soprano with an agile and harmonious voice trained in every finesse of song. From the rendering of the first aria, which excited stormy applause, the public baptized her as artiste elite. She was made to repeat the duet with Pierotto, and that with the Marchese in the second act was loudly applauded." second representation," says the same journal, 'not only confirmed the success of the first, but even far surpassed it, and excited a perfect enthusiasm from the first note to the last. Her homogenious and genuine soprano voice and her faultless method of singing, make of Signorina Morena a most successfull protagonist (una protagonista felicissima). Constantly interrupted by applause, she was called out five times at the end of the second act, in which she acted and sang like a finished artist the stupendous scene with the father, and the final delirium. In short, she interpreted this eminently dramatic piece as the development of the plot and the philosophic music of Donnizeti demand." The most distinguished musical critics of Florence, such as Biaggi, Consolo Vanucini, agree in their commendations of Miss Morena, who sang the opera October 22d, for the fourth time, to a crowded and exceedingly enthusiastic house.

Information wanted: "Look here," said the Governor to a high State official, "when are you going to pay me that ten dollars?" "Upon my honor, Governor, I don't know." "Why, sir, the other day when I mentioned the fact of your indebtedness, you asked me where I would be Tuesday." "Yes, sir." "Well, wasn't that a promise that you would pay me Thesday?" 'No, sir." "Why, then, did you want to know where I would be Tuesday?" "Because I wanted to know where you'd be, so I could make arrangements to be somewhere else."-Arkansaw Traveler.

An Incident in Virginia.

Our old friend, Mr. Wm. Claughton, of Heathsville, sheriff of Northumberland county, Va., says: "We have many good medicines in ohr parts, but nothing which equals St. Jacobs Oil, the Great German Remedy. My family keep the Oil in the house at all times and use it for almost everything that a medicine can be used for. They claim that it is unequaled for rheumatism and all bodily pains. - Tappahannock (Va.) Tide Water Index.